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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

CLOUDY-PANSY

Wandering down a dusty road,
I met a gypsy.
She might have dropped out of the trees.
She had a green kerchief
And a blue velvet skirt,
A lavender cape
And a gold locket:
Green shoes on the feet
That trod the powdery road
To the marble-floored Vermont river
Thinking as it goes along . . .

FIELD-MOUSE

Little brown field-mouse
Hiding when the plough goes by,
Timid creature that you are,
Wild thing,
Were you once in the forest?—
Did you move to the fields?
In your brown cloak
You gather grain
For your secret meals;
You will build a house of earth
The way you remember.
From a baby up to your full-grown feeling

Hilda Conkling

You have run about the field,
As other field-mice will run about
When another century has come
Like a cloud.

"I WONDERED AND WONDERED"

I wondered and wondered . . .
I saw a comrade of mine;
It was a wave smooth and blue
That tossed . . . fell away.
I wondered and wondered . . .
I saw a mountain white with old age:
I could not remember
How I came there.
I wondered and wondered . . .
Under a motherly sky
That knew my name and kind,
That rested my tired thoughts,
That said, "I have a rainbow for you, Hilda,
And a young moon, hidden."

Hilda Conkling